

New Black

GoldLink

Yeah

1, 2, pray these niggas don't clap at you

3, 4, hopin' we reachin' Heaven's doors

5, 6, 7, 8

Keep your hands high, don't shoot, don't discriminate
See we goin' get this money, dirty, clean, get this money right

Numb to the bullshit, so mix the dumb wit' the Sprite

And we goin' be okay my lil nigga, just hold on tight

Cause cops killin' blacks, Blacks killin' blacks, we gon' die

But we gon' die with honor, short stories and homicides

Mama say pray to God, and we don't listen, so mama cry

My lil nigga Petey servin' life and his lil bro

Got a baby and he left his lil' him all alone

Remind me of his pops, and his pops was a street nigga

But a fuckin' loser not for teachin' his kids better

But no fathers equal mo' harder to reach niggas

And wonder why niggas like me wanna be niggas

My street wisdom higher than the sun so it's God level

I got level headed when I left to beseech the seed planted

Speech, free speak, only good to exist

Then set free the curse left just to bondage our minds and false teach

Bibbity bibbity bop bop

New Black, the scat, dat beat box

Hip-hop will die, I promise that

If we keep the lies in our raps, yeah

Bibbity bibbity bop bop

New Black, the scat, dat beat box

Hip-hop will die, I promise that

If we keep the lies in our raps, yeah

Bibbity bibbity bop bop, yeah

New Black, the scat, dat beat box, uh

Hip-hop will die, I promise that

If we keep the lies in our raps, uh

Bibbity bibbity bop bop

New Black, the scat, dat beat box

Hip-hop will die, I promise that

If we keep talkin' guns and gats in our raps

I apologize

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